

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. XII.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1903.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

THE OLD STORE.

The New Styles!

THE LOW PRICES!!

Have caught the Peoples' Eye of Wrangell.

Will continue the **HAT SALE** one week longer and will add

Several New Specialties

To Window Display, with Prices marked in Plain Figures.

F. W. CARLYON.

J. W. RABER,
Practical Barber.

Wrangell. Alaska.

**The Smoothest Shave
And Nearest Haircut**
You are Invited to Call and see me
Next door to Wrangell Drug Store.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about
Feb u a y 15th, 1903

For—
Shakan, Klawack, Howkan
And way ports, West Coast of Prince
of Wales Island.

Olympic Mining Co.
C. A. RENOUF.
Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

**Stoves: Granite Ironware,
Tinware, Galvanized
ware,**

Carpenter Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

J. F. Connelly, J. M. Lane

Lane & Connelly,

Manufacturers of...

Fine Cigars.

204 and 206 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

I carry a Full Line of

General Merchandise

MEN'S SUITS; HATS and CAPS, GROCERIES,
BOYS' SUITS, BOOTS and SHOES, HARDWARE,
OVERCOATS, DRY GOODS, GRANITWARE,
PANTS, NOTIONS, PAINTS and OILS, Etc.

Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty.

Remember the Bargain Counter

THE CITY STORE,

DONALD SINCLAIR, Prop.

WE HAVE DECIDED TO CONTINUE our

Great Cutting Sale

A FEW WEEKS MORE.

Have you taken Great Cut in Prices?
Advantage of the

It will pay you to investigate and get our prices
before purchasing.

No trouble to show goods.

Yours to serve,

ST. MICHAEL TRADING CO.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by

A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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Six Months "..... 1 25
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Display, per inch per month..... 50
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DR. K. A. KYVIG,

Physician and Surgeon.

McKinnon Building, Wrangell.

Calls promptly responded, day and night
Office at the McKinnon Pharmacy.

GEORGE CLARK,

**Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.**

Wrangell, Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,

Attorney-at-Law.

Ketchikan, Alaska.

Will practice in all courts. All business
promptly attended to.

**OLYMPIC
Restaurant and Bakery.**

THE

**Olympic Restaurant and
Dairy Co.,**

PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.
Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry
Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,

Sails on or about

February 15, 1903,

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight,

for

Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,

Shakan, Klawack,

Howkan, Copper Mt.,

Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply

to **R. B. YOUNG.**

GO TO

J. G. Grant,

WRANGELL,

For all of the

Latest Papers

—and—

Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits

AND

Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR

COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.

Steamers a Specialty.

Fred S. Johnston

Custom Shoemaker.

All kinds of Leather and Rubber Goods
repaired substantially and at Reason-
able Rates.

Union Shop, Front Street, Wrangell.

LOCAL GRIST.

Ground Out Weekly for The
Sentinel Readers.

Weather very crotchety.

Capt. Wyman was a passenger
on the Farallon, south bound.

Ed. K. Turner came up on the
Seattle for a few days' visit with
his numerous relatives and friends
at Wrangell.

It is reported that Sid Parrish
has sold his little steamer Vesper
to Jack McGregor, of Ketchikan,
the consideration named being
\$900.

Fred Tracy, well known in Wrangell
and all southeastern Alaska as
an obliging attachee of the Alaska
Steamship Co., is reported very ill
at the Seattle general hospital.

M. R. Rosenthal went below on
the Farallon. He will spend
several weeks in Seattle, taking advantage
of opportunities to purchase
at reasonable figures billiard table
and other fixtures for his house.

The subject of the prelude to the
sermon at the Presbyterian church
next Sunday evening will be "The
Story of the Formation of a Creed."
The theme of the sermon will be
"The Perils in the way of a Think-
er."

The Alki came in Sunday evening
through a blinding snow storm,
unloaded some freight, remained
until morning and proceeded on
her way north. She had powder
and other explosives aboard; hence
no passengers.

F. H. Gray has the left side of
his face carefully bandaged, the
result of a tumble he took Sunday.
While going up the alley from B.
Grief's to Church street, on his
way to church, he slipped and fell
and was struck a stinging blow in
the face with a lantern he was carrying,
receiving a painful cut just
to the left of the eye.

The steamer Farallon will be the
next to arrive in port. She is post-
ed to arrive here Monday. This
trip will be run on the Dolphin's
time. The P-I received yesterday
says the Farallon holds the record
for winter runs. On her last trip
she made the round trip the made
the round trip from Skagway to Se-
attle in nine days which has never
been equalled before in the winter
season.—Daily Alaskan.

The Capella came in Monday.

Marshal and Mrs. John Snook,
two of Skagway's most estimable
young people, were passengers on
the north bound City of Seattle.
While here, at the suggestion of
Marshal Grant and attorney Rod-
man the band turned out and ten-
dered the young couple a serenade.
Mr. Rodman introduced them to
the people and Mr. and Mrs. Snook
bowed their acknowledgements of
the compliment.

Wednesday evening of last week
there was a pleasant progressive
whist party at the home of Mrs. H.
F. Swift, and despite the fact that
the weather was cold and stormy,
enough were present to run four
tables, and eighteen hands were
played, when an excellent lunch
was served. Mr. and Mrs. Robert
Reid captured the first prizes and
Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Varet got
the "boobies."

Among our pleasant callers dur-
ing the week was Rev. D. R. Mont-
gomery, of Howkan, who came over
on the Tidings and waited in town
a day or two for a boat to convey
him below. His family have been
spending the winter at Olympia,
Wash., and he goes down to bring
them back, expecting to be gone a
couple of weeks. Mr. Montgomery
is a close observer, a hard worker
and an excellent organizer and is
doing a good work among the na-
tives on the Prince of Wales.

Two white men, Messrs. Wm.
Hill and James Lowery and a na-
tive, Ludege, reached here last
Thursday from Telegraph Creek
with seventeen pounds of mail.
They report the traveling on the
river very hard, owing to the large
amount of light snow covering the
ice, and it took them ten days to
make the trip, 160 miles. When
they left home they had a team of
eight sleigh dogs. One of the dogs
was running loose while crossing
"the desert" near the mouth of the
river, and the terrific winds that
sweep across it blew him away and
he was lost. The gentlemen ex-
pected to start upon their return
trip as soon as the Cottage City ar-
rived Friday; but as that boat failed
to come they waited for the City
of Seattle, in order to take up the
latest mail. They take with them
75 to 100 pounds, which will be
gladly received by our isolated
neighbors of the Upper Stikkeen
section.

Frank Dandy was a passenger
down on the Farallon. For some
time past he has been having trou-
ble with one of his eyes. Recently
an examination by a physician
proved that he had a mite of iron
in his left eye. This was removed
but a painful inflammation had set
in, and to save his eye it was tho't
best for him to go to a hospital at
Seattle for treatment. Hence his
trip down.

Last Friday evening Mrs. Haw
gave a party to some of her num-
erous friends, at her cozy home on
Front street, there being present
Walsh Waters and wife, George
Clark and wife, Mrs. F. S. John-
son, Mrs. Haw and daughter Miss
Marguerite, Messrs. Chas. Beib'y
and C. W. Feikert. Mr. Feikert,
being an artist in his line, furnis-
hed the guests some fine music on
Mrs. Haw's elegant piano, and
Miss Marguerite, being at her best,
furnished some excellent vocal and
instrumental music. Mrs. Haw
furnished an elegant spread for her
guests, and the party retired at
12:30, after unanimously voting
the hostess an excellent entertainer.

On the trip over of the Prospect-
or last week, U. S. Commissioner
J. B. Sutton accompanied her, and
took a trip up to Juneau to have
some repairs made to the boat's
machinery. He was in town sev-
eral days and while here came in
to "swap yarns" with ye editor.—
The Judge is not half the villain
he had heretofore been painted to
us. We had expected to see a the-
mon with blazing eyes; with broad
horns; with ears as large as Alaska
skunk cabbage; with nose as long
as an elephant's trunk and with a
chain that you could tie up a steam-
boat to, besides being as lean and
lank as the seven Egyptian kings.
But not so; he is one of the most
affable, good-natured, whole-souled
(as large as he is good-natured)
men we have ever met and it did
us good to meet and converse with
him.

Shakan Sayings,

Jan. 27, 1903.

We are "enjoying" more winter
weather.

The health of the community is,
generally speaking, good.

Dr. Kyvig and his estimable wife
are still with us.

Secretary Hunt of our fishing

and lumbering company is expect-
ed here in March.

The population of this little vil-
lage numbers about 300 souls—
more when all are at home.

The white men who have been
living with native women are mar-
rying them of late and living ac-
cording to law.

E. E. Noble, head planer in the
mill at this place, went to Seattle
on the last trip of the steamer
Alki.

Rev. Wm. Benson, of the Salva-
tion Army, is a power among the
natives and is doing a great work
for them.

The steam logger is running at
full blast and snaking out some
fine logs. But the number taken
out are hardly noticeable from the
"great forests" of the Alexander
Archipelago reserve.

A jail is needed at this place.
Men are sometimes arrested for a
breach of the peace, but it hardly
justifies a heavy expense in taking
them to a jail at a distance to serve
out a few days' sentence, when
they could be amply punished at
home if we had a small jail.

The mill started up again dur-
ing the recent warm spell of weath-
er; but the present cold snap has
compelled it to again shut down.
As there are a large number of or-
ders in, this idleness is not appre-
ciated by the mill men. Opera-
tions will be resumed again as soon
as possible.

In a drunken row between Ar-
thur Coffin and Wm. Peterson, re-
cently, Coffin slashed into Peterson
with a knife, cutting him severely
but not seriously. Coffin skipped
at once but the authorities are on
the lookout for him. [P. S.—The
parties did not imbibe Shakan
booze.]

Our bald-headed, good-natured
citizen and prince of good fellows,
here, Capt. Cyrus Orr, has taken a
trip to Seattle on the Alki, and rum-
or has it that he will return a
Benedict. People here generally
deplore this,—not because they
would not welcome Mrs. Orr,
but because it would alienate
his affections from the "Baldy
Club," as well as a number of Sha-
kan people who say they have a
prior claim upon him.

GLEANER.

The Governor is With Us.

The following note received from
Gov. Brady by the committee ap-
pointed on the Seattle fish combine
proposition, needs no explanation:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
DISTRICT OF ALASKA, OFFICE
OF THE EXECUTIVE, SITKA,
Alaska, January 21, 1903.

A. V. R. Snyder et al, Committee
Wrangell Chamber of Commerce,
Wrangell, Alaska.
Gentlemen:—I have received
your circular letter of January
16th and am well pleased with the
ring of it. Such a motto expresses
our feelings and should be advocat-
ed more strenuously. Your spirit
will arouse interest.

Respectfully Yours,
JOHN G. BRADY,
Governor of Alaska.

Mr. Frank Thompson of Klawack
came over on the Capella.
He is on his way to Seattle—per-
haps to San Francisco.

Dissolution of Partnership

NOTICE is hereby given that the
partnership heretofore existing be-
tween Drs. K. A. Kyvig and L. S. Schreuder,
doing business at the Sticken Pharm-
acy, will dissolve Feb. 1st, 1903, by
mutual consent. Dr. L. S. Schreuder
retiring and Dr. K. A. Kyvig continuing
the business, who will collect all out-
standing accounts and assume all li-
abilities contracted by the above-named
firm.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG.
Dr. L. S. SCHREUDER.
Dated Jan. 28, 1903.

Notice of Final Settlement

In the Commissioner's Court, Wrangell
Precinct, First Division, District of
Alaska; In Probate.

In the matter of the estate of
F. L. MARSHALL, Deceased.
M. C. Marshall, administrator of the es-
tate of F. L. Marshall, deceased, hav-
ing filed in the above-entitled Court
his final account as such administra-
tor.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons
interested in said estate, to be and
appear before me at the Court House in
Wrangell, Alaska, on the 20th day of
February, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10
o'clock in the forenoon, and then
there to show cause, if any there be,
why said final account of said adminis-
trator should not be approved and said
administrator discharged and the suc-
cessors upon his bond released from future
liability.

Dated this 18th day of Dec. 1902.
W. G. THOMAS,
Probate Judge.
First publication, Dec. 25, 1902.
Last publication, Feb. 19, 1903.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

If women who were kissed by Lafayette continue to turn up we shall be obliged to conclude that Lafayette was Hobsonized.

The King of Italy has asked to have his salary reduced. No wonder the other European monarchs refuse to be neighborly with him.

After spanking her husband with a washboard, that New York woman ought to have completed the process by running him through the wringer.

What possible good can ever be done by trying to discover "who was our friend" in the war with Spain a few years back? If there had been ever one moment when this country was in danger or needed rescue it would be a different matter. In a walkover war requiring but a few weeks of our attention the task imposed on our assisting friend could not have been a very terrible strain.

Missionary influence on legislation shows itself in the excellent bill which recently passed the Senate, forbidding the sale of firearms, opium and intoxicating liquors to the natives of the New Hebrides Islands. The demand for this legislation rests on the simple proposition that it is not of much use to offer a savage a Bible with one hand and a gun and a bottle of whiskey with the other.

Bill board and fence advertising is like peddling, inasmuch as it makes use of public thoroughfares, and therefore is rightly subject to municipal supervision and control. Finally such advertising is not infrequently a gross nuisance, marring the appearance of the city, offending the eye and leading up to the erection of huge fences that are a serious danger to passers on the streets and to adjacent property by reason of their liability to fire.

The flattery bestowed on American women of late years and their improved chances to capture the nobility of Europe seems to have made this a "diamond mad" country. In the "jewel craze" we beat the world. Thousands of poor wretches are digging in the dead craters of Kimberly to provide the wherewith of the "smart set" to outdazzle the world, and the temptation to smuggle is chiefly fed on such things. Diamonds "is" trumps in this country.

No more flattering tribute could be paid to the energy and intelligence displayed by people of the United States than the determination of the French government to establish schools in this country for the training of French youth. It is planning now to establish two of these schools; one in Pittsburgh for the training of engineers, and one in New York, to teach political science; while others are in contemplation. If this new departure proves successful for France other foreign countries will be moved to take the same step, and thus the ideas, methods and influence of the United States will be spread rapidly all over the world.

European royalty has taken up the discussion of abrogating the ancient rule which requires that members of royal families marry only their equals in rank. When royalty started in business in this world it started with robust physique. The early king was the strongest of his clan. He had to be. When some one came along stronger than himself he abdicated. So long as might made right royal blood was virile. But royalty is fallen on degenerate days. Secure in its reign, it has deteriorated. The blue blood is badly watered. Princes and princesses have intermarried until all the reigning families are kin. In consequence decadence has come. In almost every royal closet are gibbering imbeciles, the result of these intermarriages. In other cases the children are physically deficient. Were it necessary many instances could be cited proving these assertions. The laws of nature are deeper than the laws of man and better enforced. These laws cannot be ignored with impunity. In physique man is not largely differentiated from the animals. An adherence to the absurd law of royal equality as to marriages has broken many a heart. The supposed good of the state has been paramount to natural affection and marital happiness. History is full of the proof. Royalty must mingle its blue blood with the blood of the common people, which has red corpuscles. Thus it may last till that day—hasten its coming—when there shall be no royalty save merit.

Gradually we are settling down to the common-sense view of whether the United States "is" or "are." As the Constitution uses the plural verb some devoted worshippers of that great instrument have considered it little short of sacrilege to use the singular verb in an official way in connection with the name of this country. Finally the question had to be met squarely by the House Committee on the Revision of Laws. Some of the members stood valiantly by the constitutional form, while others were for adopting what has become common usage. In looking up authorities to determine the matter they found a mass of evidence to show that for the last ten or fifteen years "is" has been used almost invariably in all official documents,

even in treaties. It was also shown that Grant, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley used it exclusively, and that from Hamilton to Olney it had been favored by most of the Secretaries of State. It is well known that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay use the singular almost invariably, and that in the periodicals and newspapers and among the people of the country "are" is of rare occurrence. So the committee did the sensible thing and decided that, legally at least, the United States "is." May we at least hope that this practically settles the much discussed question? The United States "is" a nation, a country compact, undivided, under one flag, one government, working with one object in view, a unit in its ideas of national dignity and purpose. The United States is singular, and neither its people nor any other people will ever make it plural.

Probably no part of the census of 1900 has elicited more comment—much of it very pessimistic—than that which has set in strong light the apparently undue congestion of population in the large cities of the country. It has been spoken of with much regret as a most unfavorable indication of the tendency of modern civilization. It seems to have been forgotten that such a fact alone can hardly be considered as unfavorable in itself, because in the last analysis the whole population, urban and rural alike, must derive subsistence from the direct or indirect products of the earth. They must all be fed and clothed and sheltered, no matter where they may make their homes. The urban population cannot long be increased in numbers at the cost of the rural without setting up such an increased demand for the products of the earth developed only in rural conditions as to bring on inevitably a backward flow of population from the cities into the country in order to meet that demand. Aside from this, however, a new fact is brought out in a recent bulletin from the census bureau that puts quite a new face on the whole matter. This fact is that the growth of population in the small towns and cities of the whole country, east and west, has kept pace with that of the large cities which has been such a striking fact and has stirred so much pessimistic walling. The official figures show that with very few exceptions, the towns and cities exceeding, say, 3,000 or 4,000 population each have quite held their own in growth with the large cities. The exceptions, either way, can most likely be explained by local exceptional conditions. There is nothing alarming in this fact and it quite takes the alarm out of the other—large city—fact. Much, perhaps most, of the growth of these small cities comes of the removal of families that have prospered from farms to towns because of the superior educational advantages of the latter. The farms have not therefore been abandoned and turned out into wild land. Somebody else, a son or a son-in-law or a purchaser, has taken up the farm work and the new additions to the town people growing out of these removals of men who have accumulated a competence and by living in town cease to be producers in the primary sense simply operates to swell the demand for what the farms produce. When the statistics of growth in the farming population itself and the increased productive power of each individual arising from improved methods can be digested and studied the reasons for pessimistic walling in this regard are likely to disappear altogether.

Ancient and Modern.

An old man and a young one, while traveling from London to Brighton in a train, got into conversation. The old man asked: "Which would you sooner travel in—the up-to-date railway train or the old-fashioned stage coach?" "Why, the up-to-date railway train, of course," the young man answered. "Ah, I would sooner travel in the old-fashioned stage coach." "Why?" "Well, if you are in the old-fashioned stage coach and the wheel comes off, and you are thrown into a ditch it's 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' But if you are in the up-to-date railway train, and the boiler bursts, it's not 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' but 'Hullo, old party, where the dickens are you?'—London Answers.

Mark Twain and the Composer.

All composers, however intelligent, are not gifted with a sense of humor, and professional humorists sometimes suffer severely at their hands. Mark Twain once had a trying experience with a composer—one of those conscientious composers who not only know, but know that they know. Mr. Clemens had received from his publishers the proofs of a story which he considered as funny as anything he had ever written, but on reading the proofs he dimly discovered that the fun had been carefully eliminated. Mr. Clemens returned the proofs, congratulating the composer upon having consumed "only one week in making sense of a story which he himself required two weeks to make nonsense of!"—Harper's Weekly.

Monks in France.

The 16,000 monastic establishments of France have about 400,000 inmates, or one of every 100 of the population.

Long-Distance Power.

The electrical power transmitted 200 miles from the Yuba, California, has proved perfectly reliable.

Talk over a telephone as if it cost you so much per word, and you will get credit for having good sense.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IRRIGATE THE ARID LANDS.

By James J. Hill, President Great Northern Railroad.
At the time the Civil War closed we had a population of 34,000,000, and have been increasing at the rate of 1,600,000 every year since. At that rate the gain in twenty-two years will equal the entire population in 1865. The census reports since 1790 show that we double our population every thirty years.



JAMES J. HILL.

At the close of the Civil War all the land in Northern Wisconsin, Western Iowa, Western Minnesota and west of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean was practically vacant. To-day, speaking generally, there is no arable land to be had anywhere upon the public domain. There is not an acre of public land where a man can raise a crop of potatoes or grain without irrigation. If that change has taken place within the last thirty-seven years what shall we expect in the next thirty-seven years? Where are the people to live who come to us from foreign countries at the rate of half a million a year and what are we going to do with the natural increase of our own people?

The Northwest is already getting so crowded that more than 25,000 farmers have gone over the line into British Columbia. They were good farmers, industrious, intelligent and well-to-do, and had the capital to buy outright from 1,000 to 2,000 acres of land from the dominion government. "We could have kept them on our own side of the border if we could have given them irrigated lands."

One thousand acres with irrigation is as good as 5,000 acres without; that is, as many people can be maintained upon a thousand acres under irrigation as upon 5,000 acres of fertile soil depending upon natural rainfall. Therefore if we can make one acre of land do the work of five it is worth while trying it. Irrigated land sells for \$15 and \$20 an acre. Arid land without irrigation is practically worthless and I can think of no better investment for the government; no more profitable speculation, so to speak, than to build a few reservoirs and irrigating ditches in favorable districts where it can be done at a small cost and thus convert worthless land into \$20-an-acre farms.

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By Dr. T. D. Wood, Director Physical Culture, New York.
Physical training should always aim at improved courage, self-control and will power, and it should from the very beginning strive to develop other social instincts and the better nature of the child, so that he will be unselfish, helpful to those about him and ready always to co-operate, and thus be prepared for the larger work in the world after he is mature. The first factor necessary for the proper physical training of the child is the full appreciation by the mother of the importance of that phase of the child's training. The second factor is the knowledge of his organic physical condition.

It is folly to suppose that so delicate a machine as the human body will take care of itself, will keep in perfect condition without attention. There should, accordingly, also be a properly educated teacher.

If physical training is to prepare the child better for his life in human society, for his work in the great world, it must help toward the attainment not only of physical health, but of every desirable characteristic and quality which the child should have.

Physical training should counteract every tendency to bad position and posture in order that the body may be kept and grow straight and symmetrical.

Physical training should make possible a more perfect mental development, that will power, courage, self-control should be effective and in a very beneficial way; that the

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes;
His firm shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, wasn't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?
How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear dissolving,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!
Mine was so short a pride!
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside,
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good night kisses I all around am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)
Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.
—Miss Mulock.

THE FUTURE MRS. SHIRLEY

JACK! No answer.
"J-a-c-k!" with emphasis.
"Yes, my dear sister-in-law, I am coming."
"When Jack has lived with you six months longer he will learn the folly of trying to keep you waiting," laughed Jack's young wife.
"Well, when I want things, I want them at once," remarked Elizabeth.
"Now, Jack," she continued, "don't take possession of your wife as if she were a bundle of dry goods, but sit down and answer some questions, like a good boy."

moral and social qualities should always be gained even from the very earliest years.

In the physical training of the child, as in all education, the two persons most concerned are the mother and the teacher. The proper physical training of the child can only be accomplished where the school is concerned with all of the influences which affect the child at home, and the home is also intelligently concerned with all the influences which affect the child at school.

CURB, DON'T DESTROY TRUSTS.

By Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.
I would curb the trusts and make the people safe with them. But I would not destroy them. We can require every corporation, great or small, to do the bidding of Congress at the peril of exposing its members to individual liability for all its debts and obligations and of being prohibited from doing interstate business. I see no necessity for any constitutional amendment. If, as I believe, Congress may rightfully prohibit any corporation or joint stock company from engaging in interstate or international commerce at all, it can prescribe the conditions on which it can so engage. It can declare that it shall submit its affairs to the inspection of government, as in Massachusetts railroad and savings banks and insurance companies submit theirs to government inspection. It can require their accounts to be made public. It can prohibit the stock watering. It can prohibit every form of combination which shall prevent competition.

We are dependent on these great combinations of capital to do all things for which individual strength is totally inadequate. We are dependent upon them to take great risk which individuals ought not to be asked to take and cannot take without liability to ruin. Above all, we are dependent on them largely to succeed in the great struggle for the markets and the carrying trade of the world.

DANGER OF WEALTH SHOWN.

By John J. B. Johnson.
Possessions have value only as they may give pleasure or prevent pain. It is hardly necessary to enumerate how and in how many ways they are supposed to be capable of giving pleasure and preventing pain; each one knows for himself, and it matters not that the knowledge is so different. Nothing is surer, however, than that possessions do not always give pleasure nor prevent pain. In many, if not the large majority of cases, neither of these ends is attained. In sixty years I have known many rich, some very rich and a few ultra-rich, and my memory and impression of the lot is that they average up on the wrong side of the ledger of happiness compared with the mass, most of them having nothing of value, unless perchance it be a good name.

In the doctrines of the orthodox, of all creeds and nations and in all times, professing to deal with eternity, souls exist forever in happiness and in misery. One soul in the lapse of unending eternity will enjoy more or suffer more than all mortal beings that may live on earth or earths, planets or stars, no matter how many there may be nor how long they may live, provided only that the succession end. The logical conclusion is that one soul is of greater value than all the possessions of all mortal beings. The point I have to make is whether it is reasonable to suppose so weak a vessel could be loaded with so weighty a cargo on so dangerous a sea? It would look, having reference to the eternal verities, like the shipper was lacking common sense and common prudence.

"More questions," groaned Jack. Questions were a mania with Elizabeth.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, calmly, seating herself on the study table (she did hate chairs so), "first, wouldn't you like to have me settled in a nice little home of my own, where I would be too busy to disturb your continuous honey-moon?"

"Who is the poor devil?" asked Jack, dodging a penwiper and tossing it back to Elizabeth. "Now, seriously, sister, it is time to confess. Out with it."

"Very well, who is this man?" And she passed him the picture of a handsome, athletic-looking chap which she had found in an old desk of Jack's.

"Ye gods!" said Jack, tragically, "and does my adorable sister-in-law aspire so high?"

"Stop your nonsense, Jack, and tell us who he is?" commanded his wife.

"I obey, as usual. He is Arthur Shirley, Jr., who was my college chum and a crack athlete. After leaving college he made a name for himself by devoting his time to writing under the pen name of 'Don James,' which I see is familiar to you. He inherited the Shirley fortune some two years ago, and is at present abroad, and when he returns to town you will see him often. But, listen and heed my warning, fair sister. He has never seen a woman he cared to marry, although designing mammas have forced their daughters upon him with great diligence. He is a catch, Elizabeth, a great catch, with a capital 'C.'"

"Thank you, Jack. I should say he was just the man I have been looking for. Behold the future Mrs. Arthur Shirley, Jr.," and Elizabeth swept tragically from the room.

"I'll be hanged!" ejaculated her brother-in-law, and straightway he turned his attention to his wife.

Six months later Arthur Shirley, Jr., was seated in Jack's study, smoking and waiting for Jack, and when that individual entered the room he put down his cigar and said:

"See here, old boy, I wish you would tell me why Miss Martyn dislikes me so intensely. She is the most unaffected, interesting, vivacious girl imaginable with anyone else, and if I appear she stiffens into a regular puritanical Bostonian."

"What do you care?" asked Jack, slowly.

"A great deal," replied his friend. "Hang it all, you must see that I love her. Never saw a girl before that I wanted to marry, and now, when I do really love one, what does she do? Snubs me so we can't even be decent friends. What is the matter with me, anyhow?" and he looked so downheart-

Occasionally you see a girl who is nicknamed "Sunshine." The name may sound like a compliment in bleak December, but she has a right to sue her friends for slander if she is called the name in August.

Justice is so busy holding her scales that she hasn't time to give some people what is coming to them.



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

My grandma sits in a rocking chair,
By the window, in the sun;
She wears a soft little lace cap,
And a big white apron over her lap,
And there's always room for a little girl
To sit there
That's tired of frolic and fun.

My grandma has always a pocket full
Of peppermint drops and cakes;
And she knows such pretty songs that
she sings.
And stories about—oh, lots of things,
And sometimes she lets me wind the wool
For the stockings and things she
makes.

She told me a queer thing the other day,
And she says it's really true—



My grandma had soft red cheeks one
time,
And hair that was just as black as
mine;
And she could run and tumble and play,
And all the things I can do!

I wish I had known my grandma then;
How very nice it would be
If grandma were little and played with
me,
Dressing our dollies, and going to tea,
And swinging, and watching the banties
hen,
And climbing the cherry tree!

But when we were too tired out to play,
And the sandman crept along,
What should I do for my grandma's lap,
And her songs to drowsy me into a
nap?
I'm glad my grandma is old and gray,
While I'm just little and young;
—Youth's Companion.

What Do They Think of Yours?

"I wonder what kind of a mother that boy has."
"It is easy to guess."

Two boys were playing marbles as two ladies came slowly along the walk. Just as they were passing one of the boys jumped up with an angry face.

"That isn't so, Jack Pierce, and you know it."

"It is," cried Jack. "I beat you fair—you're mad because you're beaten. You always get mad."

The angry boy struck his companion and ran away.

Will and Harvey had been watching the game and heard the remarks of the ladies. Later in the day the two were talking with their mother, and told her of the little occurrence.

"They talked as if Bob had a poor sort of a mother," said Will. "And that isn't so. Mrs. Spencer's a real nice woman, and ever so kind to us boys."

"And so good to Bob," chimed in Harvey. "It's a shame for folks to say such things."

"But it is a very natural thing to say," said mother. "Don't you know that most people judge of a mother by what their children are?"

"O mother," said Harvey, in grave concern. "Do you mean that people will think that of you if we are not good?"

"Certainly they will, my dear, if they think at all about it."

"I never thought of that," said their sister Elsie, coming up and laying her head on mother's shoulder.

"They shan't dare to think you're not the best mother in the world," said Will fiercely.

"It is for you, dears, to show what kind of a mother I am," she said, putting her arm around Elsie.

"Mrs. Spencer does try to make Jack good," I know," said Harvey. "She talks to him about his temper and he promises, and then when he gets angry he forgets and flies up again."

"So, by his not heeding her talk he leads people to misjudge her."

"We don't any of us get into passions, like Bob—" began Will.

"No, but what do people think when they see a boy in school so full of fun that he neglects his own lessons and leads others into trifling, to the great annoyance of his teacher?"

Will gave a rueful little shake of the head.

"Or when a boy goes to school with rough hair and unlaced shoes, and keeps his desk in such disorder that his teacher writes a complaint about it?"

"That's me," said Harvey, meekly. "Or when a little girl—"

"Don't say a word, mother," pleaded Elsie, hiding her face. "I know I've had lessons all the week, just because I've been sewing for my new doll and never went to study when you told me."

"Well, I'll tell you what," Will braced himself up, if any one, because of me, has been thinking poorly of my mother it's time I was facing about, and that's what I'm going to do."

"Me, too," declared Harvey. "And I," said Elsie. "But don't my dears," said mother, "begin your improvement simply because of what people will think. Try to do right because it is right—to be good rather than to appear good. Then there will be no doubt of what will be thought of mother."—New York Observer.

A Chicken Tale.

A lady living in Maryland writes to the Woman's Journal as follows: I want to tell the children a story of a little Plymouth Rock pullet that I have. She was hatched under the back porch, and has never been willing to live in the chicken-yard with the rest of the chickens, but stays around the house and is very tame.

One morning a few days ago my husband said: "How did an egg get on the staircase leading to the third story?"

She said: "I saw the little pullet in the front hall. I suspect she laid it." I thought that was rather improbable, but did not say so.

This morning I was out in the garden, and, happening to glance up, saw the little hen on the window sill of my bedroom in the second story! She came down as quietly as she went up. Before I leave my room in the morning I always turn the bed back to air it; and there, on the wire mattress, I found a freshly laid egg. Was it not the funniest nest you ever heard of?

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THOUGHT BLUSHES WERE PAINT.

Motherly Old Lady Was Severe on the Girl Artist.

It was an 80th street cross-town car and the girl boarded it weighed down with bundles. Unmistakably she was an artist, for she carried a paintbox and a stretcher and under her arm was tucked a campstool.

It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to discover that she had been at work all day and from the tired, overheated look of her face one would think she had been working hard, too. People began to cast furtive glances at her and to speculate upon where she had been painting and one or two immaculate gentlemen craned their necks politely to see what was on the canvas.

But the girl saw only the continued staring and suddenly a sickening sense of fear came to her. What if she had got a dab of paint on her somewhere. Fancy what a sight she must be with a streak of green running zigzag down the length of her nose, or indigo blue disporting itself on her forehead. The thought alone made her flush rosy red.

A motherly looking old lady sat beside her. Ordinarily she was undoubtedly a pleasant-faced dame, but just when the girl caught her eye she glared furiously at that young offender. The girl felt her face growing redder and redder. Undoubtedly it was paint!

She could stand the suspense no longer, says the New York Times, and took out her handkerchief preparatory to rubbing off the offending blotch. Putting the corner resolutely to her mouth to moisten it, she leaned over to the old lady beside her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but is there any paint on my face?"

The old lady drew herself up in stately fury. "Yes," she said curtly.

"Where?" came the tentative query. "All over it, you little hussy," answered the enraged dame.

A Question of Sex.

A bright little Washington girl, 4 years old, who is a descendant of Go-bright, the veteran journalist of a decade ago, shows a decided ability to think and decide for herself quite up to the standard of her brainy ancestors.

She was repeating her prayers at bedtime recently, the Lord's Prayer first, and, as is her habit, winding up with a petition for blessings on the various members of the family of both sexes. But this time, when she came to the conclusion, she hesitated a moment as a new idea struck her and then in a most devout tone added:

"Amen and a women!"

"Why, daughter, you must not say that! What did you say 'a women' for?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Well," replied the young philosopher, "didn't I pray for women as well as men?"—Lippincott's.

Straw as Fuel.

Straw fuel is now being made in the great wheat-producing countries, where huge stacks of straw are annually destroyed by burning in order to get rid of them. The straw is not required there and is in the way. A machine has been invented to go from farm to farm and transform that straw into block fuel by mixing resinous substances with it and compressing it.

THE SON OF EX- U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND

Commends Peruna to All Catarrh Sufferers.



Hon. Louis E. Johnson is the son of the late Reverdy Johnson, who was United States senator from Maryland, also attorney general under President Johnson, and United States Minister to England, and who was regarded as the greatest constitutional lawyer that ever lived.

In a recent letter from 1006 F Street, N. W., Mr. Johnson says: "No one should longer suffer from Catarrh when Peruna is accessible. To my knowledge it has caused relief to so many of my friends and acquaintances, that it is humanity to commend its use to all persons suffering with this distressing disorder of the human system."—Louis E. Johnson.

Catarrh is capable of changing all the life-giving secretions of the body into stalling fluids, which destroy and inflame every part they come in contact with. Applications to the places affected by catarrh can do little good save to soothe or quiet disagreeable symptoms. Hence it is that gargles, sprays, atomizers and inhalants only serve as temporary relief. So long as the irritating secretions of catarrh continue to be formed so long will the membranes continue to be inflamed, no matter what treatment is used.

There is but one remedy that has the desirable effect, and that remedy is

WAS A BANK CASHIER AT 22.

John C. Osgood, the Man Who Worsted John W. Gates.

A figure in the financial world who has recently become of interest is John C. Osgood, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, who temporarily worsted John W. Gates. He is another of that class of self-made men so numerous in America. He was born in Brooklyn March 6, 1851, and was the son of a wholesale druggist. When he was 6 years old his parents went to Iowa, and two years later, upon the death of his father John was thrown upon the bounty of relatives at Providence, R. I. He secured a position there as an office boy. Two years later he went to work for a New York commission house. The stuff that was in him showed itself, and at 22 he was cashier of the First National Bank of Burlington, Iowa. Later he went to Colorado and while there became interested in the coal resources of that State. In 1887 he was asked to reorganize the Colorado Coal Company, which later became part of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, with Osgood at the head of the consolidation.

JOHN C. OSGOOD.

Miss Katherine Drexel, daughter of the well-known Philadelphia banker, as Mother Mary Katherine of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, is devoting her life and her fortune to the unfortunate of mankind. Miss Drexel years ago made a tour of the West, and under the guidance of Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, studied the Indian missions. She became interested in the Indians, and on her return to her home she gave \$150,000 to found missions. When her father died her income was more than \$300,000 a year, and most of this went to her favorite missions. In 1880 Miss Drexel decided to devote her life as well as her fortune to the church. She entered the home of the

WEALTHY WOMAN TURNS NUN TO SAVE INDIANS.

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Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburgh as a postulant. Six months later she took the white veil, and then the black veil and the full vows of the order. A few years later she founded the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, which has for its object the uplifting of the Indians and the negroes. She erected the Mother House on property belonging to her estate, near Cornwalls, Pa., and here more than a hundred sisters spend their time in teaching the Indians and negroes how to become self-supporting men and women. Her order has established a school for Indians at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and a school for negroes at Rockcastle, Va. Mother Mary Katherine has just completed the purchase of the famous Cascade Springs, in the Black Hills, in South Dakota. Her order will here establish a school for Indians which will rival the Carlisle school.

Gunmaker Krupp and His Workmen.

Last Easter day Herr Von Krupp was returning in a carriage from church with his two young daughters. One of them had just been confirmed and both were dressed in white, making a pretty picture. The inhabitants of the town of Essen, nearly every one of whom is dependent upon the Krupp pay clerk, stopped and admired the sight, while Von Krupp smiled good-naturedly as though proud of his two slender, tall and pretty daughters. Suddenly there was a commotion. The horses shied to one side as a man sprang out toward the carriage. He was in coarse garb and hurled an object into the vehicle. There were shrieks and general consternation. But nothing happened except that Von Krupp was seen to pick up the object cast into the carriage, which happened to be a written roll of paper and an appeal to the chief from a number of workmen to have fair consideration for their grievances.

Herr Von Krupp had just returned with his yacht from Capri, where he spends from four to six months annually. While there he had not received any inkling of labor troubles at the works. This appeal was the first intimation of the kind. It was something almost unheard of in years for a strike to break out in the Krupp works, although it looked now as though such an alternative would be unavoidable, judging from the claims set forth in the appeal.

On the following morning a messenger came to the works from the palatial Villa Huegel, where Herr Von Krupp resides when in Essen. He gathered half a dozen employes together, hard-headed and brawny fellows. The messenger informed them that their employer wanted to hear an account of the differences directly from the mouths of the workmen. They were not given time to wash and make themselves presentable, but entered the reception-room of Villa Huegel with their leather aprons and swarthy visages. Then followed a frank discussion of the issues involved, while Von Krupp put all at ease by his democratic, blunt manner and by his assurance that their claims would be duly considered. A few days later changes were introduced in accordance with the claims of the employes and a strike averted, while in the evening there were public demonstrations about Villa Huegel and Von Krupp was finally obliged to come out upon the veranda and bow his acknowledgments.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SALE OF ROYAL DIAMONDS.

Queen Alexandra's Reasons for Parting with the Crown Jewels.

King Edward VII. has given public notice that Queen Alexandra, his wife, will shortly offer at public sale all the diamonds she recently wore at the coronation, comprising in all 3,588 stones from the choicest diamond markets of the earth. Most of these diamonds ornamented the crown which the archbishop of York placed on Mrs. Alexandra's head during the coronation festivities. There is a rumor current in certain quarters that this large number of diamonds made the crown so heavy that it gave the queen a headache, hence her reason for wishing to part with the stones, writes the Detroit News-Tribune. It is announced by those who are on the inside, however, that the real reason Queen Alexandra wishes to sell the diamonds is that she doesn't care to have their value tied up so that she cannot spend it, even though it is merely a little dab of pin money aggregating at most only about \$400,000. The queen would prefer the ready cash than to have these few baubles lying about the house in a way where the members of the family are continually stumbling over them.

Dainty Women of Japan.

The almond eyed, dainty little female of Japan is easily satisfied in the matter of food. She begins the day by eating when she wakes a couple of little green plums pickled in vinegar and rolled in sugar. This traditional breakfast of Japan is completed by a cup of tea. The dinner, which is brought on a red lacquer tray, is the drollest affair. The vlands are in tiny cups with covers and among them are such dainties as a hashed sparrow, a stuffed prawn, a salt sweetmeat, seaweeds with sauce and a sugared chili. After these dishes, which are mere "frills," the substantial part of the meal is begun. A wooden bowl, bound with copper, is brought in, filled to the brim with rice plainly boiled in water. From this the flower of Japan fills her bowl—a capacious one—and, having mixed it with a black sauce flavored with fish, she then lifts it to her mouth and crams it down with the aid of her chopsticks. Thus ends her dinner.

Taking the Wrong Half. "Mamma," shouted little Willie from the nursery, "Johnnie wants half the bed!"

"Well," queried the mother, "isn't he entitled to half of it?"

"Yes," replied Willie, "but he wants his half in the middle."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use the Domestic. Always choose macaroni or spaghetti made in this country in preference to that with a French or Italian label. Cleaner methods are used in the domestic than in foreign manufacture.

Buried deep in an old chest I found, the other day, among other boyish trinkets, an old-fashioned almanac. How the ghost of happy, olden days walked the halls of memory at the sight of that old almanac. I remember where it hung in its place of honor over the wood box behind the little kitchen stove. There were no "kitchen ranges" then. It was a part of the furniture, as were the little cracked mirror and the towel rack, where, after ablutions at the pump outside, I took me to comb a towed head. There it hung from Jan. 1 to Jan. 1. Father got it at the drug store. He put in his order to the drug store early in December. Or if he forgot it, mother said: "Now, pa, don't forget to get an almanac up at the store before they are all gone." Turning over to the first inside page I found, where I knew it was, the "signs of the Zodiac." Those signs with their Latin accompaniments were to me as weird as the Eleusinian mysteries to the Greeks, and are to this day, for that matter. Even the preacher could not explain their full significance! And here are the advertisements of the pills and blood restorers with all their old-time frankness and infallibility. I knew the names of the deponents and the towns where they lived, by heart. And at the slightest indisposition I felt every symptom they described. And the jokes at the bottom of the pages. Some how they do not make such jokes nowadays. They were durable jokes. They lasted all the year, like the honest blue jeans of the times. The jokes and the jeans were wash goods. And the jokes had about them the flavor of eternal humor. Yet, somehow, as I try to read those ancient jokes I do not laugh. The tears get in my way. Maybe if I could go back thirty years the jokes would be funny. And not only the tears, but the faces that come between, the faces that are folded in the yellow leaves. They are like the faded faces in the old daguerotypes. Somewhere those faces shine, doubtless, in eternal youth, but I cannot see them! There are almanacs a plenty now—tons of them, but I have been too busy to keep track of the moon's phases and read the jokes. And oh, weary and worn spirit of man, how I sometimes yearn for those days when "we were so happy and so pure," for the homely and happy days of the old almanac!

How's this? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 34 years, and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. N. J. KIRBY & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Millionaire's Maxims. "I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can. I have followed this principle religiously all my life." This maxim, Julian Ralph says, is the favorite one of John D. Rockefeller, the multist-millionaire in the world.

One certainly would not associate our old friend, Mr. Micawber, with Mr. Rockefeller; nevertheless, we find both saying practically the same thing, as here—Mr. Rockefeller: "If a man feels rich on ten dollars, and has everything else he desires, he really is rich." Mr. Micawber: "Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.; result, happiness. Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £20 0s. 6d.; result, misery."

Good for Little Folks. Don't torture the children with liquid and pill poisons! The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The men who never make mistakes are not the ones who fill responsible positions.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds." J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Most Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Health brings wealth more often than wealth brings health.

A philosopher is a man who can see how others make such big mistakes.

Birds of a feather flock together—and so do jailbirds of the same stripe.

Those flighty parlor matches can never be depended on. They lose their heads so easily.

Dogs don't try to show off before strangers. No wonder some people prefer dogs to children.

The greatest man in the world is probably wondering what he can do to-morrow to keep up the bluff.

Down in Mississippi the children have quit being afraid to go to bed in the dark. They know there are no bears there.

Marie Corelli is screeching at the United States for having such quantities of money. Marie Corelli is mad because she is not getting more of it.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 10 Cents. Purely Vegetable. GENUINE SIGNATURE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FITS Permanently Cured.

H. d. Forgotten His Excuse. Mrs. Guzzler (as Guzzler comes in unsteadily at 3 a. m.)—You have no excuse for coming home at this hour and in this condition. Guzzler—I had one, my dear, and it was a dandy, but I can't think what it was.—Philadelphia Record.

Place of Real Rest. Briggs—What's your idea of heaven? Griggs—Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation.—Life.

Short and sweet—a baby. Of course this applies only to your own baby.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Will Succeed to Command.

Washington, Dec. 23.—It is stated at the war department that General Chaffee will succeed General Young as lieutenant general of the army upon the retirement of General Young, who will succeed General Miles.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

A news dispatch says Morgan, Rockefeller, Gould and Sage each made a new fortune a few days ago by finding bargains on the stock market. Every time some one wins a dollar some one else loses one. While the millionaires made many more millions, what tragedies were being enacted by their greed!

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM CANNOT BE RUBBED OUT



But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary relief because it produces counter irritation or reduces the inflammation and soreness. But no sort of external treatment can have any effect whatever upon the disease itself, for Rheumatism is not a skin disease, but is due to an overacid condition of the blood, and the deposit of irritating matter or Uric Acid salts or sediment in the muscles and joints, and no amount of rubbing or blistering can dislodge these gritty particles or change the acid blood. Rheumatism often becomes chronic, and the muscles and joints permanently stiff and useless and the nervous system almost wrecked, because so much time is lost in trying to cure a blood disease with outside applications or doctoring the skin.

Rheumatism must be treated through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating or poisonous substances from the system.

S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and, as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the muscles and joints, and the sufferer is happily relieved from the discomforts and misery of Rheumatism.

External remedies are all right so far as they go, but they don't go far enough, and you can't depend upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, and those who pin their faith to liniments and plasters are bound to meet with disappointment, and will be nursing a case of Rheumatism the greater part of their lives.

S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, does not contain any Potash or mineral of any kind, and can be taken with safety by old and young.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains in a condensed form much information about Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD
BEARS THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. There is no doubt about it. Pleasant, palatable, potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken. Weakens, or Gripe, No. 1. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Morning Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 1226
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE OVER

Puzzled.

A tiny little city boy on a visit to his grandmother in the country saw her plucking a hen. He looked into her face and said: "Do you take off their clothes every night, grandma?"

ST. JACOBS OIL
POSITIVELY CURES
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Feetache
All Bodily Aches
AND
CONQUERS PAIN.

U. S. No. 52-1902.
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

- It is pure.
- It is gentle.
- It is pleasant.
- It is efficacious.
- It is not expensive.
- It is good for children.
- It is excellent for ladies.
- It is convenient for business men.
- It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.
- It is used by millions of families the world over.
- It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians.
- If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

- Its component parts are all wholesome.
- It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
- It is wholly free from objectionable substances.
- It contains the laxative principles of plants.
- It contains the carminative principles of plants.
- It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.
- All are pure.
- All are delicately blended.
- All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.
- Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination.
- To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

Manufactured by
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
San Francisco, Cal.
Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1903.

MARINERS NEEDS.

Two lighthouses have been finished and are in operation in southeastern Alaska. They are well appreciated by mariners. A lighthouse is in process of construction in Clarence Strait and another on Scotch Cap, Unimak Pass. It has been heretofore urged and the lighthouse board has so recommended, that Alaska be created into a district by itself. There will then be an inspector, with a tender and headquarters in the district. At present we have a visit once a year from the Columbia or Manzanita and they do all that is possible for them to do while they are away from their duties upon the lower stations. Buoys are liable to go adrift at any time, and some have done so, but they should be reset at once. This has not been possible with no tender on the ground. The lighthouses in operation should be visited occasionally, and those under construction should be under the eye of the inspector. By actually traveling over the various courses this officer will learn by observation, what are the needs and difficulties, and will be able to recommend what is best. An immense amount of work of this kind will have to be done.—Gov. Brady's Report.

Capt. W. A. Connell, promoter of that fish combine, is out in the P. I. of the 30th in what appears to be a very plausible statement, but which is full of errors. He now says that the company proposes to hire its men in Alaska. Why his former statement that "the company will have for its purpose the catching of salmon off the Alaskan coast for the canneries now located there, the SAME WORK THAT IS AT THE PRESENT TIME BEING DONE BY NORTHERN FISHERMEN AND INDIANS." Why this presto change if not for the purpose of hoodwinking our people and allowing him to go ahead with his scheme. One of Capt. Connell's statements that strikes Alaskans rather comically is this: "At the present time a very small per centage of the men engaged in furnishing the canneries of Southeastern Alaska with fish are residents of the district." Capt. Connell should know that at least three-fourths of those who do the fishing for our canneries, live here and are conversant with the waters. Now then, it is useless to bandy words regarding this matter. Capt. Connell & Co. are respectfully informed that the fishermen and canneries of this section have always gotten along amicably without the aid of a middleman or combine, and the Northern Fish Trap Company are not wanted at this time, and no cannery will be damaged by their not coming.

In 1898 J. W. Ivey, while collector of customs, was going up the Yukon, and found that two mounted policemen had an American citizen in chains on the boat without the necessary papers. Mr. Ivey tried to persuade them that they were in the wrong; they told him to mind his business. Then he became vexed took down his rifle and compelled them to liberate the man and turn over to him, several thousand dollars that belonged to him. Now the report goes out (through American papers) that Mr. Ivey had stolen the money and the Dawson authorities were about to collect it from him by law; also that he was dishonorably dismissed from the customs service. Mr. Ivey's resignation was on file months before it was accepted, which the same papers that are circulating the defamatory reports know. The trouble with Joe Ivey is that he is to thoroughly an American to please some men who are posing as Americans. There was a kick against him from the time that he gave foreigners at Skagway to understand their place and denied to Canadian boats undue privileges in American waters to the westward. The reports against him are all hampered up rot.

ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM FAR OFF ILLINOIS!

OREGON, Ill., Jan. 20, '03.

Editor Sentinel:

Hold steady on your helm, lad; you're on the right tack now. The influence of your little craft in this wide world, unpretentious though it may be, is scarcely realized by you who are part and parcel of its every day life; but were you to see the SENTINEL in the hands of people here—3,000 to 4,000 miles from the genius that gave it birth; to see how they scan the paper and study it and comment upon it and its subjects, note the enterprises and public interests it portrays, and marvel at the thought that such things can be possible "away up there in Alaska, where it must be awful cold."—were you to witness these demonstrations once, you could then take courage and "throw a bouquet at yourself" for having made a stir in the world that you had little dreamed of.

And so you are having a little dose of "Rockefeller's philanthropy," eh? You ought to shake hands with yourself over the fact that you are no worse off in the coal oil deal than we are in this country. You see John D. recently flared out in a grand endowment to the Chicago University. John, you see, is a sort of automatic cuss, for when he signs a big check for "philanthropy" with his right hand he also turns the stock-jobbery screws with his left and wrings from the people fifty to an hundred times as much as he donated to "phil" aforesaid. John is a good Baptist, however, and undoubtedly adjusts his conscience to the scriptural injunction, Let not your right hand know what your left hand is up to—or words to that effect.—[Once more up goes the lamp wick. That's what suggested this item.]

It is a pleasing thought in your behalf, that you have no weather to reach the zero point this winter, as the SENTINEL states. For the past month or more our temperature has been oscillating down about zero and from that to freezing, most of the time. Snow, while not abundant, has been visible on the landscape since about the first of December.

Well, one advantage we have at present that you may thank your stars you are escaping, namely, a thoroughbred, howling, bragging, whining legislature, with a "ring" in its nose and another "ring" all smashed to "ballhack." The story is a familiar one. Concisely it embraces spoilsmen—dictatorial, arrogant and unscrupulous on the one hand, and the conservative plebian combination, with patience well worn but with honor still aglow, as their antagonists. The former, well organized and entrenched in machine methods were formidable; the latter, embracing stalwart principles and a full determination to stand for the higher grade of politics, proved a valiant host that supported unyieldingly its convictions and planted its pension over a victorious field. Thus it remains that Dick Yates—the son of his father, is still Governor with a big "Geel!" A. J. Hopkins is our new U. S. Senator, and the "gang" says—if it says anything—"How does our eye look since we blacked it?"

SENTINEL, in a recent issue, spoke rather deprecatingly of the alleged high price of firewood there. Whenever you feel like "kicking" on that score, just get a good ready on and—don't do it. Think of the sufferings and deaths in the large cities, and the general deprivations and costly inconveniences throughout the country—to say nothing of the wholesale demoralization to manufacturing entailed by the late coal embargo and its consequent coal famine. To one who is right here in the midst of it and knows all its details and causes, the story is appalling. Rejoice, then, and be glad, that you are 4,000 miles away from it, even if wood is \$20 a cord.

Nufsed.

SCRIBBLER.

The full committee on public lands of the senate ordered a favorable report on the bill enabling settlers to take up 320 acres of agricultural lands in Alaska and obtain title thereto after a lapse of five years, without official survey, says a Washington dispatch of the 16th. The house committee has already formally agreed to the term of the Lacey bill, as prepared by the senate committee, and a more liberal land law for Alaska now seems positively assured.

Levi Ankeny has been elected U. S. Senator from Washington. In Oregon things are in an uncertain state. Mr. Fulton had 33 votes at last reports, and it now looks as if his election is doubtful, although he is the best man for the whole northwest that could be sent.

Meat has advanced in Juneau. Steaks that sold for 25c: now costs 30c: a pound:

MORE LOCAL ITEMS.

The Capella left for Kake Village Tuesday afternoon with George Simmons, the fur buyer.

Jailer J. F. Collins went to Juneau on the Seattle with T. Suga, sentenced to ten months.

Last Saturday evening a social hop was given at the hotel. It was on the hurry-up order, but enough were present to get all the dancing they wanted.

W. J. Sully, of Ketchikan, who at one time ran the Stickeen Journal at this place, has been in town several days. He is now engaged in the more lucrative business of contracting.

Although "Uncle John" Finlayson has about recovered from the injuries he received from his fall, Christmas, the good old man is still unable to be about, and he is greatly missed from his old haunts about town.

C. E. Weber was confined to his room for several days during the week, threatened with typhoid fever. Under the care of Dr. Schreuder, however, he is able to be out again, looking a trifle peaked.

The Cottage City, due last Friday failed us for the first time. The reason assigned was that on her down trip her machinery gave out making it necessary to run down on slow time. This left us for ten days without mail.

The dog poisoner has been abroad in Wrangell again during the past few days. While dogs do become a nuisance at times, it looks woefully cruel and hard-hearted to poison them. Take a gun and shoot the brutes and end their suffering.

E. N. Alexander, who has been at the Hattie Camp mine so long, came over Monday and will take a trip to California. "Billy's" many friends here wish him a safe voyage, a pleasant visit and an early return.

Mr. K. J. Knyg and Gus Trigg came over from Ideal Cove, Saturday, and report six feet of snow on the level about there. The cave is situated so as to get the full benefit of the Stickeen winds, and they say it is a fright, the weather they have been having of late. Mr. Svindseth is still at Sitka, where he went some weeks ago in search of herring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grant gave a party to a number of their friends last Saturday evening and a very enjoyable time is reported. Whist and dancing were indulged in and the lunch that was spread by Mrs. Grant is said to have been a rich and palatable one. At whist J. G. Grant and Mrs. J. F. Collins were awarded first prizes and Thos Dalghety and Mrs. Capt. Miller captured the "boobies."

Prof. Beattie has had another letter from Sheldon Jackson regarding a school building at Wrangell. The board had sent him plans of such a house as they thought is needed; but he seems to want something else, the SENTINEL is at a loss to know just what unless it would be the building itself—or words to that effect. We see none of so much red tape. Mr. Jackson knows that we need a school building and if he has any influence should see that it is built.

Mr. T. Maloney, chief clerk of the Olympic Mining Co., came over on the Capella Monday with a very sore left hand and arm. A few days ago he had a small pimple on his hand which he opened with a pin. Blood poison set in and before he got over to a physician the hand and arm were painfully swollen. He is treating with Dr. Kyvig. Coupled with this misfortune Mr. Maloney has just received the sad intelligence of the death of his father, which occurred in Wisconsin, recently.

The laugh of a child will do more toward bringing good cheer into a family or a community than anything else that can be thought of; but how much more is this the case where a score or more are thrown together. This was clearly proven last Saturday afternoon when about twenty-five youngsters gathered at the house of L. J. Cole and held sway for several hours. Plays and innocent games were indulged in and their merry laughter denoted that joy reigned supreme. Each took some edible with them and a nice lunch was served in the early evening when all repaired to their home: feeling happy.

Report of School No. 2 for Jan.

Days taught.....	20
Days attendance.....	744
Days absence.....	99
Pupils enrolled.....	44
Average daily attendance.....	37
Number of times tardy.....	34
Visitors.....	3

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following pupils have been neither absent nor tardy during the month: Henry Farrer Katherine Bronson George McGee Elton Barnes Frank Churchill Roy Churchill Margaret Bronson Weston Dalghety.

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,
Wrangell, Alaska.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG,
—Dealer In—
Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
Stationery and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patenaude's
Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF
SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.
FRONT STREET, WRANGELL, ALASKA.
L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

SING LEE CO.,
Dealers In **Dry Goods, Groceries,**
CANNED GOODS, FRESH FRUITS, CURED MEATS, CANDIES, ETC.
DRY GOODS, SHOES—MEN'S, BOYS, and Ladies and Children's, Ladies' Slippers, Ladies' Warm Shoes, Men's Slippers. A fine line of LADIES' CAPES, Watches, Clocks and Ladies' Gold Watches and Chains. Also Men's Pants and Boys Suits.
5c. off on Every \$1.00 Purchase at our store.
Sugar, 14 lbs. \$1.00. Flour, \$1.25 sk. Potatoes, 2c. per lb. Lunch Eggs, 40c. per doz.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Every ton of coal used in Juneau Douglas and Treadwell is mined in British Columbia. An import duty of 67 cents a ton has up to this time been levied and collected by the government on the product, and this, of course, has been taxed up to the consumer as an increase in the price he has to pay. But now this duty is taken off. Foreign coal is imported into the United States duty free, and it therefore, costs the importer 67 cents a ton less than heretofore. Will the small dealer and consumer benefit in this reduction? We shall see. It is not likely that the coal now on hand will be sold cheaper than it has been selling at, but for the new imports the consumers of this commodity should be the beneficiaries.—Dispatch.

Judge Hoggart, of Nome, is in Washington, and gives law makers his idea as to what Alaska needs in the way of land laws. And this will probably strike every Alaskan favorably: "We Alaskans are all in favor of a townsite law that will enable a townsite settler to obtain his title to a town lot in a quick and inexpensive manner. The feature of the townsite bill we favor is that it provides for the location and building of a town on mineral land. Not that the townsites will be permitted to go on a valid, subsisting mining claim, previously and in good faith located as such, but which will prohibit any person or association of persons from locating a mining claim or claims over lands actually used for a townsite, and trade and business purposes.

In a few more weeks the ducks and geese that have been feeding all winter on the wheat fields below will begin to come north. Nearly every man who has a gun is anxious to use it, but many of them think that if they kill a duck or goose at this time of year, they will be arrested. We have made considerable inquiry about this matter and from what we can learn there is no law prohibiting a man from killing all that he wants to eat, but he is subject to a fine if he attempts to sell any game during the closed season which extends from December 15th to September 1st. Of course this does not mean that a man can go out and kill enough birds for himself and all his neighbors. We are not sure that we have been reliably informed, but as long as a man don't kill any more than he needs, or can use, we don't anticipate any trouble from the law.

It is said Gov. Swineford thinks of going to Unga as deputy collector of customs. Of course it is a FINE LOCATION and he'll like the place. We presume from the way he talks he has been there before.

New York Kitchen.

K. NAKANO, Prop'r.

Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.

and

The Best Meal Served for 35c.

Best Bread and Pastry

Always on Hand.

DROP IN.

Eastern Oysters, 50 Cents.

SENATE
Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt Meats

Always on Hand.

Vegetables, Poultry and Game

In Season.

W. C. WATERS, Pro

The
Wrangell Supply Co.

Sells for Cash, at Lowest Prices, a General Line of

Fresh Groceries and Provisions,

FLOUR, SUGAR,

Hams, Eastern Oysters, Fruits, Candies, Canned Meats and Fish.

Outfits for Trappers and Loggers a Specialty.

Edward Ludecke.

General Repairer of

Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be

Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next door to Sinclair's store,

Wrangell, Alaska.

NOTICE.

To those indebted to the partnership estate of Robert Reid and Rufus Sylvester, deceased: Notice is hereby given that all accounts and matters of said partnership estate have been placed in the hands of the estate's attorney, Mr. G. E. Rodman, for collection and settlement, and immediate demand will be made for payment thereof.

ROBERT REID and
ROBERT REID,
As Executor of the estate of Rufus Sylvester, Deceased.

J. J. Boyce, of Oakland, Calif., has been appointed District Attorney for the First Alaska District.

T. J. CASE,

At his old stand in Wrangell furnishes the

Freshest Groceries and Provisions and Supplies.

HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Camping and Logging Outfits.**I Will not be Undersold.**

T. J. CASE.

Wrangell Meat Market.

Chas. A. Thompson, Proprietor.

WRANGELL,

ALASKA.

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game,

Wholesale and Retail. Shipping Supplied at Lowest Rates.

JUST WEIGHT AND FAIR DEALING shall be my motto.

Rainier
BEER

A trial and you will testify to its merits on every occasion.

Brewed in Seattle.**Sold Everywhere.****Brewery Sample Rooms,**

WRANGELL,

ALASKA.

Bruno Greif, Proprietor.**First Class House in all Particulars.****The Warwick,**

(FORT WRANGELL HOTEL).

Wrangell, Alaska.**Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.****Olympia Beer a Specialty.****U. S. SALOON,****M. R. Rosenthal, Proprietor.**

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

Choicest of Wines, Liquors, Cigars.**Ranier Beer a Specialty.**

Bohemian Beer on Draught and sold by the Pitcher at 25 Cents

Cassiar Saloon.

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ALASKA.

Lloyd & Norton, Proprietors.**The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Domestic and Imported.****RANIER BEER A SPECIALTY**

THE BOYS ARE INVITED TO CALL.

JOB PRINTING At the **Sentinel Office****Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Etc., a Specialty.**